

Sick Day

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Tangled

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-05 01:03:52

Updated: 2014-07-05 01:03:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:38:13

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,128

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A drabble I wrote for Anna when she was sick uwu. Jack is sick and these dorks can barely take care of him.

Sick Day

Hey bae, feel better, kay? uwu (it's a modern au, I hope that's okay)

Jack moaned from the red sofa in the living room.

Merida rolled her eyes. "What a baby. It's just a cold." The can opener groaned as she opened a third helping of chicken noodle soup and plopped it into the bowl.

"You know, you don't have to stay, Mer." Rapunzel sighed, carrying an armful of blankets from the closet. "I don't want anyone else getting sick, so—"

"Oh hush, Punz, I've got the immune system of bear, I won't catch whatever Jackie's got."

The front door slammed as the freckled brunette entered the apartment, carrying a grocery bag filled with Dayquil and Kleenex. "Are bears known for being especially immune to disease?" Hiccup received another eye roll from Merida in response.

"There! You're all tucked in." Rapunzel smoothed the fuzzy blankets over the sick lump on the couch. She placed a cool hand over his forehead and hesitated. "I think I'm gonna take your temperature again, Jack. Hang tight."

"I'll be here," the white-haired teen replied hoarsely.

"You've already checked his temperature twice today, Punz." Merida strolled into the living room, carefully balancing the soup on a tray with a glass of orange juice. The tiny blonde stopped in front of her, staring thoughtfully at the meal. "What? It's soup, how could I

have screwed this up?"

"Did you microwave this?"

"Um...well..."

"And...orange juice? With soup?"

"Hiccup said it was a good sick beverage!" The Scot protested. She nearly knocked the tray over, but re-balanced herself in time.

Rapunzel giggled and took the tray from her. The whole apartment smelled like Vik's Vapor Rub, and Hiccup had been complaining all day how the humidifier was making the room stuffy (to be honest, Rapunzel was pretty sure that's why he volunteered to go get Jack's medicine). She rolled up her sleeves and searched through the cupboards for some spices. Campbell's may be good enough for some people, but Rapunzel was determined to give it a flavor a little tastier than noodle water.

Coughing and hacking erupted from the living room, and Rapunzel lip instinctively pouted out sympathetically. Poor Jack. Hiccup had been like this just a few weeks earlier (although he was heavily determined to be as self sufficient as possible, roaming around the apartment with a big green blanket draped over his shoulders), but for whatever reason, it just broke her heart to see Jack so sick. She guessed it was just because Jack usually had the most energy out of all of them (okay, not counting Rapunzel). He's always up for anything, and - much to Merida's annoyance - likes to be active almost constantly, so seeing him stuck to the couch, barely able to keep his eyes open was more than a little out of the ordinary.

The microwave let out a high-pitched beep and Rapunzel carefully removed the warm concoction. She also put the OJ in the fridge and poured Jack a fresh glass of sprite. When she looked at the tray, Rapunzel couldn't help but find it a bit meager - just an old ceramic bowl with a spoon and a simple glass. That creative smile that only Rapunzel gets when she's in one of her moods spread across her face, and in a flash the blonde was darting around the apartment, picking out this trinket and that. After a little futzing with the arrangement, Rapunzel had completely transformed the tray table. The bowl rested under a colorful place mat, and sat beside a soup spoon tucked neatly inside an intricately folded napkin. She also added a tiny glass vase filled with wildflowers, a blue silly straw that looped itself around the glass, and small plate of Saltines, just in case he got his stomach back.

With a triumphant smile, Rapunzel carried the array into the living room.

"Naoidhean bhig, ar rÃ³-bhinn Ã²g

Maighdean uasal bhÃ³ n"

Merida glanced up at Rapunzel, who stood enchanted in the doorway.

"Thought it might get him to shut up for a bit." Merida wrinkled her nose and smiled thoughtfully at the now unconscious Jack.

Rapunzel placed the tray of food tentatively on the little table beside the sofa. "Just in case he wakes up." She murmured breathily, so as not to wake him.

Hiccup craned his neck from the big chair in the corner at array set on the tray. "How come you didn't do all this when I was sick?"

Rapunzel poked the brunette in the sides. "Because you wouldn't have any of my help, ya silly!"

He squirmed deeper into the cushions, hiding his blotching blushing cheeks and stupid grin.

"How long do you think he'll be out for?"

"Hard to say. He looked pretty sick, could be a while."

"...You wanna go catch a movie or something?"

Merida grinned mischievously at Hiccup, then looked back to Rapunzel for confirmation.

"You guys go ahead, I'll stay here." She stroked the bits of white hair sticking out from underneath the mountain of covers. "I don't want him to wake up alone."

Jack regained consciousness slowly. Everything was foggy, but then he was sick, so that's to be expected. He was surprised to see it had become dark outside already. Where was everyone?

"Hey, you." Rapunzel sat on the edge of the couch, smiling her cute, dimpled smile at him.

Jack grinned lazily. "Hey, Punz. Did Hic and Merida leave?"

She nodded serenely, fixing the sheets. Jack blinked his bleary eyes and observed his surroundings. Right in front of him there was a piping hot bowl of soup, an array of crackers, and his favorite sports drink, all arranged in a way that just screamed Rapunzel. To his left was a small pile of books and DVDs, plus a couple of coloring books and a box of crayons.

"Admittedly I colored a few pages while you were sleeping, I hope that's okay."

"Did you do all this?"

"Well, Merida and Hiccup helped a little." Rapunzel sighed tiredly and rested her head on Jack's lap.

He gingerly scooted away from the blonde. "Sorry Punz, I don't wanna contaminate you."

She giggled dreamily. "It's okay, I don't mind."

To be honest Jack was a little glad that she didn't care - he missed human contact. His hand felt so big as he stroked her long hair. Her breathing grew heavy, until she lowly drifted off to sleep. Jack

smiled to himself. Rapunzel loved taking care of people, and healing seemed like a natural talent to her. It didn't surprise Jack that she tuckered herself out trying to help him get better.

THE END

(ahh sorry that was an abrupt awkward ending and I have no talent whatsoever for fluff, but feel better my baaaaae uwu)

End
file.